

The Historie of

*Prin.* O my sweet beeffe, I must still be good Angell to thee, the mony is paid backe againe.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

*Prin.* I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with vnwasht hands too.

*Bar.* Do my Lord.

*Prin.* I haue procured thee Iacke a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would it had bene of horse. Where shall I finde one that can steale wel? O for a fine theefe of the age of xxii. or ther about; I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them; I praise them.

*Prince Bardoll.*

*Bar.* My Lord.

*Prin.* Go beare this letter to Lord John of Lancaster.

To my brother John: this to my Lord of Westmerland,

Go, Percy, to horse for thou and I

Haue thirty miles yet to ride ere dinner time: O you ho! you

Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,

At two a clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue

Money and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And eyther they or we must lower lie.

*Fal.* Rare words! braue world. *Hofter,* my breakefast come Oh; I could wish this Tauerne were my drum.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester and Douglas.*

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scott, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue,

As not a Souldier of this seasons stampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world:

By God I cannot flatter, I desire

The tongues of flatters, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe.

Nay, task me to my word, approue me Lord.

*Dow.* Thou art the king of honour,

No man so potent breathes vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

*Enter one with letters.*

*Hot.*

Henry the fo

*Hot.* Do so, and t'is well: W but thanke you.

*Mess.* These letters come fro

*Hot.* Letters from him? why

*Mess.* He cannot come, my l

*Hot.* Zounds, how haz he th

In such a iustling time? who lead

Vnder whose gouernment com

*Mess.* His litters beares his m

*Wor.* I prethee tell me, doth h

*Mess.* He did, my Lord, fou

And at the time of my departure

He was much feard by his Phisi

*Wor.* I would the state of time

Ere he by sicknesse had bin visi

His health was neuer better wor

*Hot.* Sicke now, droope now

The very life-bloud of our enter

T'is catching hither, euen to ou

He writes me here, that in ward

And that his friends by deputati

Could not so soone be drawne, a

To lay so dangerous and deare a

On any soule remou'd, but on h

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduer

That with our small coniunctio

To see how fortune is dispos'd t

For, as he writes, there is no qua

Because the king is certainly po

Of all our purposes: what say y

*Wor.* Your fathers sicknesse is

*Hot.* A perillous gash, a very l

And yet, in faith, it is not his pre

Seemes more then we shall find i

To set the exact wealth of all our

Ali at one cast? to set so rich a m

On the nice hazzard of one dou

It were not good, for therein sho

H.